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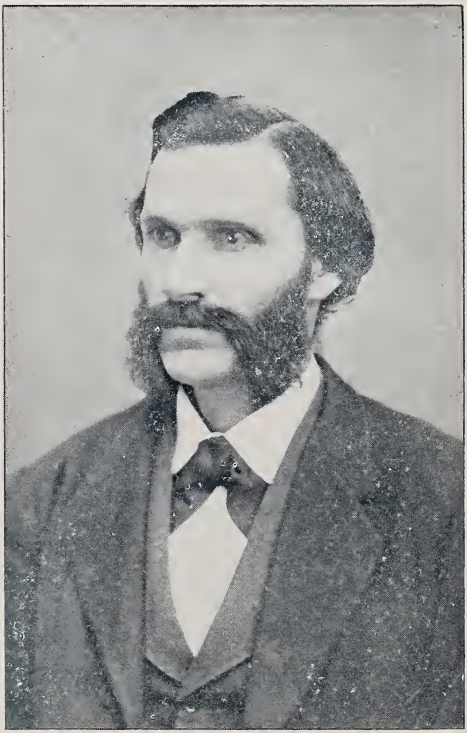

JAMES SUMNER.

His genius for subtle thinking, his habits of patient industry, his interest in human well-being, his ambition to promote right relations of life, his eagerness for useful knowledge, his hospitality to truth, his faithfulness to noble principles, his loyalty to friends, his love for family and home, his triumphant success as a man, and his heroic death, attest his character and accentuate his worth.

—Dr. R. K. Noyes.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

JAMES SUMNER,

DELIVERED AT COMMERCIAL HALL,

694 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON,

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1895.

WITH

His Last Public Address.

REPORTED BY MISS HELEN J. WESCOTT.

"The real American College is the Ballot Box."—WENDELL PHILLIPS.

"It must necessarily happen that superstition and fanaticism give place to philosophy."
—CONDORCET.

BOSTON:
REID, MONAHAN & COMPANY, PRINTERS,
1895.

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Give me the storm and tempest of thought and action rather than the dead calm of ignorance and faith; banish me from Eden when you will; but first let me eat of the tree of knowledge.—R. G. INGERSOLL.

"Labor is the prime factor in all of the concerns of life, and is, therefore, noble and holy. All legislation, state or national, should, and must, sooner or later, concede its pre-eminent rank, its dignity and the nobility of all who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow."—JAMES SUMNER.

COMPLIMENTS OF

The Committee,

WILLIAM MURRAY,
SECRETARY.

63 HANCOCK STREET,
BOSTON.

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their bread by the sweat of their brow."—JAMES SUMNER.

Memorial of James Sumner.

Born in Massachusetts, May 28, 1831. Died, August 4, 1895.

On Sunday, November 10th, a Meeting of the Friends of the late James Sumner was held in Commercial Hall, 694 Washington Street, Boston, at 2 P. M.

Mr. E. P. Faxon called the assemblage to order and said: Ladies and gentlemen, we have convened to-day to honor ourselves by doing honor to the memory of one who was very dear to us all.

A leader of men has been laid away.

James Sumner was a man who did such noble service in behalf of outraged and downtrodden humanity that it is fitting that those who were in touch with him — those whose heart-throbs were in unison with his — should come together and weave garlands to his memory.

The committee of arrangements have instructed me to say that Mr. William Murray has been appointed chairman, and Mr. Henry Lemon, secretary of this meeting.

Mr. Murray, on taking the chair, said: Ladies and gentlemen; the object of this meeting having been so very fully stated, there is nothing for me to say except to announce the different features of the programme. Before calling on those who have been selected to speak, I will ask your forbearance for a few moments.

Tribute of the Chairman, Mr. William Murray.

"When nature makes a man a king,
Na crown needs she to gi' him,
She stamps her trademark on his brow,
And sends the patent wi' him."—[Murdock.

In September, 1880, I entered a public hall on Washington Street, this city. A gentleman was speaking and I was at once entranced with the charm and sincerity of his most convincing eloquence. This man's physique was as attractive to me as was his eloquence. He stood about five feet ten and one-half inches in hight, a classical head and face, ornamented with a plentiful amount of beautiful black hair, shoulders square and well set back, chest full and round, body and limbs well formed and symmetrical in proportion. As I sat and listened, I said to myself, "Here is an able and honest man, one who was designed to be a leader of men. A man of various parts, such a man as a loving and intelligent mother would wish her son to be." It seemed to me I had most surely found my ideal, "The perfect man." After the meeting adjourned I did not wait for or seek an introduction. I advanced and introduced myself and when he said his name was James Sumner, the resemblance between him and the great senator, Charles Sumner, with whom I had had a slight acquaintance, struck me as being very pronounced. This similarity of appearance was by no means the only resemblance between the two Sumners. Those who knew Charles Sumner best have given testimony to the fact that he was a man of strong convictions; so also was James Sumner. Charles Sumner was impatient of opposition, James assailed it without mercy; indeed the great Senator had few, if any, personal characteristics which were not more fully exemplified in James Sumner.

James Sumner was born in Milton at the Sumner homestead, May 28, 1831. He came of genuine New England stock, his ancestors being among the republic's pioneers, defenders and constructors.

The boyhood of James was passed on his father's farm at Milton. He attended the public schools and by hard study and energy

acquired an excellent education, graduating from the Milton Academy at the age of 15, after which he attended the Bridgewater Normal school and graduated with honors.

On leaving the school he became a teacher and taught in New England for a few years, but, wishing to grow up with the West, he early went to St. Louis, where he also taught school and pursued the study of metaphysics, both of the English and German schools, and became an authority on all matters relating to this science. He also became versed in nearly all the sciences, and in speculative philosophy was rated as among the highest on this side of the Atlantic. He returned from the West in 1857 and entered Harvard Law School, graduating in 1861. Shortly after this he was admitted to the bar, and for a time had an office in this city. After a year or two his father was stricken with paralysis and James was induced to take charge of the farm in Milton, expecting to again return to his law practice. On the death of his father, the management of the estate devolved on him.

In political life, James Sumner's course was always characterized by independence. Prior to and during the war, he was an ardent Republican, till that party became the slave of the capitalist class and tool of the money power, when he supported the late Horace Greely for President. With that perception which made him the hated terror of dishonest men, he soon discovered and exposed the insincerity of the Democratic party and assisted at the birth of the Greenback-Labor party in 1876. He supported the late Peter Cooper for President.

In 1884 he was nominee for Presidential elector of the party that nominated Gen. B. F. Butler for President.

In 1885 he was the standard-bearer of the Greenback party for the office of Governor of this State.

In 1886 he was a delegate to the Cincinnati conference, which resulted in the birth of the Union-Labor Party.

In 1894 he was on the Populist ticket for the office of Attorney General.

In accepting the several nominations Mr. Sumner was always careful to impress his friends with the understanding that he did not desire political advancement, but stood for the furtherance of those principles most vital in politics at the time.

"Woe be unto you if your neighbor keeps a diary." It is always unpleasant to recall mistakes. But as knowledge is the child of experience, one incident (sad as it is) should be told.

> "Alas ! how of't doth goodness wound itself,
> And sweet affection prove the spring of woe."

With Wendell Phillips, E. M. Chamberlin, John Swinton, S. P. Cummings, and thousands of others, he made the mistake of believing that if workingmen were properly instructed, they would break away from party affiliations and by the application of the principles of true democracy to industry, forever end those annoyances which result in millionairism and trampism — in the expenditure of millions for a meaningless title and in its counterpart, a working girl selling her honor for bread. With a singleness of purpose, creditable to his lofty soul, he joined the only organization known to history that made it a crime for its members to carry out its principles, and I solemnly believe that the treatment he endured from certain members of the Knights of Labor shortened his life twenty years.

> "His love of truth, too warm, too strong for hope or fear to chain or chill;
> His hate of tyranny and wrong burns in the breasts he kindled still."

James Sumner had a mind of rare analytical power. His metaphysical analysis of the Bible places him on the same plane with Voltaire, Hume, Paine and Ingersoll in incisive observation of so-called sacred things. His essays on economics and finance and all the great questions which enter into and distract our social construction of modern civilization, exhibit a breadth of mind as lofty and profound as any of earth's best thinkers. Speaking of money as a destructive force in humanity's progress, what more clear than

these words of this common-sense statesman: I quote from his letter of acceptance in 1885: "Money the created thing, dead and unproductive in and of itself, holds in subjection its living creator. Money is king and labor is the slave." Again, in his peerless article on "Intrinsic Value" he says: "Not one of the leading economists holds that the so-called intrinsic value of the commodity has any control over its value as money; that it is the device of the financial charlatan." A novice, an amateur in the study and treatment of social and economic, and particularly financial questions, the assistance of his scholarly acquisitions made easy to my inexperienced mind the entangling problems, and what little service I have been able to render to humanity, I most gratefully attribute to the tutorship of this clearheaded analyser of human affairs and distractions.

The Rev. Mr. Loder in his eulogy of our deceased friend at the funeral service painted this most truthful word picture of his noble qualities and character. "His will," said he, "was always governed by principle and he was always ready to lay aside all other calls to that of duty. He was not only of large mind and will, but possessed an affectionate heart, manifested by retiring from a public career to care for his home and family. We see other manifestations of his affectionate heart, in not what he manifested himself, but what he moved in others." As a proof of this latter statement, I will relate an incident. In 1880, Mr. Sumner became convinced that the Australian system of voting secured a perfectly secret ballot, and on all occasions urged its adoption by the State. Early in 1886, a conference was held in Cincinnati, which resulted in the birth of the Union-Labor Party. Mr. Sumner served on the platform committee and labored hard, though then in vain, to secure the insertion of a plank in favor of the Australian system of voting. Now there were in attendance at the sitting of the committee, representatives of the press from all parts of the country, who made a record of his argument, but which record was not published at that time. Two weeks after this a hearing was granted by a committee of the Massachusetts

legislature on the subject of enacting a secret ballot law, and the adoption of the Australian system was urged. The press of the country, whose representatives had become educated on the commendable features of the measure by Mr. Sumner's explanation of the method whereby a perfectly secret ballot was assured, discussed the measure with such intelligence as secured its general enactment by a majority of the States. This is one instance which proved that he moved in others, and I could relate many more if your time and patience would permit.

But this is not all. After the gratifying results of the measure had been secured, a number of claimants for the honor of first suggesting the reform appeared. He only laughed at their audacity. In these qualities of self-abnegation he very much resembled the great Wendell Phillips, whose right hand never knew what his left hand did.

Mr. Sumner was very partial to the poets. His favorites were Shakespeare, Saxe, Lowell, Whittier and Poe. His reading of the latter's masterpiece, "The Raven," clothed it with beauty and elegance, dispelling the mystery in which the poem has hitherto been enveloped.

He was exceedingly fortunate in his domestic life. His home life was a perfect poem — its atmosphere music, sacred, sublime and inspiring. In 1864 he was married to Miss Elizabeth Francis Spring, of Cambridge, a lady of rare intelligence, gentleness of manner, sweetness of disposition, motherly solicitude and sympathy, in whom every womanly grace and quality abounded. Her death took place on July 8, 1893, deservedly regretted by all who were fortunate in her acquaintance.

"None knew her but to love,
None named her but to praise."

Two daughters, Miss Georgie and Miss Susie Sumner, survive the parents. Mr. Sumner's frequent visits to my house were always regarded and will be remembered by my family and myself as real benedictions. No complete tribute to our friend can be made which omits mention of his loyal devotion to friends. The heroism mani-

fested in leaving a sick room and coming to Boston to drop a tear on the bier of his friend, the late J. M. L. Babcock, and the beautiful and scholarly tribute he payed to him at the memorial service on the following week proved that he was as loyal as Pythias and as classical as Addison. To sum up this feeble tribute: James Sumner was as earnest as Garrison, as philosophical as Emerson, as fearless and incorruptible as Sam Adams, as disinterested as Wendell Phillips, and as loyal as Ruth. Let not human tongue attempt to excuse the acts of this great soul. It is only the brave that know the brave. Monuments of brass and sculptured stone will be raised by men to keep alive polished and pleasant traitors to human rights, but the memory of this COMRADE who stood for humanity's highest and noblest aspirations will outlast them all.

"While love and reverence force the tear.
And truth and freedom mourn for thee."

Farewell, a little longer and I will be with you. Your request is now granted, my promise is now fulfilled.

"Faithful in love, in honor stern and chaste,
In friendship warm and true, in danger brave,
Beloved in life, and sainted in the grave."

The chairman then said: I have alluded to what I believe contributed towards shortening the life of our friend, I shall now speak from what I know. Two years ago, when the two eminent physicians who were attending Mr. Sumner despaired of his living a week, he sent to Boston for his friend Dr. Noyes, and he died in the belief that the change prolonged his life two years. It is therefore a pleasure to present Dr. R. K. Noyes, of Boston.

ADDRESS OF RUFUS K. NOYES, M. D.

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen: At any time in life, excepting early youth and senility, one is strangely impressed with the idea of death. Perhaps in middle life, when our tasks are but just begun, or only half completed, it is that the awful gulf between life and death seems to us the most realistic, if not appalling. The desire for life and the desire for death, irrespective of what

either can offer, is natural as well as sanative under certain conditions. It is with desperate eagerness that some insomniac clutches the hypnotic draught to annihilate time, space, thought, consciousness and action. Or we may be reminded of death by each night of dreamless sleep, yet there is hardly any of us who will not invite the one and take every means which human forethought can devise to ward off the other. It is the very nature of approaching death to reduce the senses to such a state of inaction as will prevent them from any longer appreciating itself or any of those things which have but so recently made life dear. The more fully alive one has been in all the affairs and activities of life, the more impressive and shocking is the going out of such a life.

We can think of a stupid, indolent person as almost akin to death, but one who has lived with all the problems and utilities that are related to human existence, can but hardly be realized as capable of physical death.

In the perpetuation and annihilation of the memories of men, is given the underlying thoughts which have helped to make tenable to as many minds the belief that gods and great men and good works can never die.

While it is quite frequently true that "the evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft' interred with their bones," yet, especially do we appreciate the feelings of those who possess any reasonable hopes, when we remember the late James Sumner, as he appeared to us during the latter stages of his career.

It has been said by those of a certain faith that philosophy and science are good enough to live by, but not good enough to die by. But, as to him, let those of us who came in contact with him in his last illness and during his last hours of life bear testimony.

Things which he said of others could be fittingly said of him. Ideas have a normal relation to actions. Unless they engender good works they avail nothing. If, with him, actions did not always follow ideas, it was owing only to unfavorable conditions. When confronted

by fatal organic maladies, unreasoning superstition leads millions away from life, loved ones and friends. Not so with our friend. He, as well as we, realized that death was speedily at hand, and that in that alone was permanent and complete relief. Up to the very last instead of seeking what common vanity councils, he looked solely to the members of his family, and to his intimate friends. He desired his daughters, and his friend MURRAY to be constantly with him. That he should was natural. It was an instance of confidence born of experience. He had no such confidence in alleged things or beings outside the range of his experience. His genius for subtle thinking, his habits of patient industry, his interest in human well-being, his ambition to promote right relations of life, his eagerness for useful knowledge, his hospitality to truth, his faithfulness to noble principles, his loyalty to friends, his love for family and home, his triumphant success as a man, and his heroic death, attest his character and accentuate his worth. In his eulogy at the memorial of his friend, John Martin Luther Babcock, Mr. Sumner said: "Some time ago, in discussing the subject of death, we mutually agreed, that, in the event of the death of either, the surviver should speak in memoriam of the other. When, last winter, I believed myself to be upon my death-bed, I reminded Mr. Babcock of this promise, and he readily consented to conduct the services at my funeral. But he has passed away most unexpectedly, and I, as unexpectedly, am left to fulfil a sacred obligation due to him."

As showing what manner of man he was, I will relate briefly from the same eulogy. "The highest justice is for the most deeply wronged, the largest liberty for the oppressed, and the broadest equality for the lowly. The grand duty of man is to accomplish all this, and the world awaits its consummation. But the great man and reformer comes and goes like all the rest. He appears. Whence, we know not. He hastens stormfully accross our horizon and expends his force and vital powers in his pleas for truth and justice and in his protests against error, wrong and oppression. The world is made all the better by his

labors and sacrifices, and tends upward to a higher plane of thought and activity. Then he follows the common fate and disappears. But whither? We know not, Sense knows not, Faith knows not. Shadows and clouds shut out the prospect. It is shrouded in mystery."

"But in all matters over which human agency has no control, we must believe that the best possible provision awaits us all, and that there is no sting in death. It cannot be our duty to repine or inflict ourselves, but rather to be sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust that accepts no superstition, tho' it affirms no knowledge."

"Let us hold with the sublime faith of the poet who says:

'Great is life, real and mystical, wherever and whoever,
Great is death — sure as life holds all parts together, death holds all parts together.
Death has just as much purport as life has,
Do you enjoy what life confers? You shall enjoy what death confers.
I do not understand the realities of death, but I know they are great,
I do not understand the least reality of life — how then can I understand the realities of death.'"

The Chairman: When engaged in propaganda work, perhaps nothing is more annoying to the Socialist than the expression which he frequently hears repeated that "Socialism is un-American." I now have the pleasure of introducing a life-long worker in the reform movement, one who is a typical American by birth and lineage, as he represents three strains of revolutionary blood — that of France and New England in the American Revolution, and that of Ireland in the revolutionary movement of '98. I now introduce our Secretary, Mr. Henry Lemon, of Boston.

Tribute of Mr. Henry Lemon.

To the true student — he who has dared to utilize the divine gift of reason and bring the power of his mentality to bear upon the keen task of analysis — the involvment of theological cobwebs, social menace, and veneration for antiquated shams which distinguishes the politic investigator who affixes the initials of a collegiate degree to his cognomen is provocative of that degree of pity which is little elevated above contempt.

Yet, he is made to endure the ban of social, political and professional ostracism if he dares to pursue the gleam of light which science, religion and philosophy opens to his vision, and to tread the paths which trend toward knowledge untrammelled by the regimen of the accepted schools.

Such men were Socrates and Galileo, and, in later days, Paine, Parker and Phillips. Such ostracism was borne by this illustrious trio, as well as by the earnest and faithful exponent of intellectual and moral integrity, whose memory we have met to commemorate.

An ancient writer has said: "There is a principle of the soul, superior to all nature, through which we are capable of surpassing the order and systems of the world. When the soul is elevated to natures better than itself, THEN it is entirely separated from subordinate natures, exchanges this for another life, and, deserting the order of things with which it was connected, links and mingles itself with another." How true this is, and how vividly does it recall the statuesque dignity which marked our friend when, in his new relation to men and things, the loneliness of life came to him who found so small a citizenship in this higher world.

The daring footstep that invades the solitude of the lofty peak leaves warmth and love, aye! even comradeship behind, and, though it attains purity, breathes in an air, repellent, frigid, wasting in its lack of sensuous heat.

Have you not noted that whenever a great discovery or invention comes to the world with blessing to humanity that there are always several claimants to the honor of its first inception? It does not necessarily follow that any one of these may not be as well entitled as his fellow to the honor which he claims, for it is no less strange than true that in this little understood world of ours, originality of thought is not a restricted personal possession.

This truth has been brought forcibly to my mind, as, within the past few days, I have travelled with James Sumner over the track which he had marked with milestones by the way, and by the mar-

ginal notes and references which plentifully enriched the books which he had read, found the love of my heart re-awakened toward another beloved teacher who has passed away, as I found that these twin minds had evolved the same broad highway to the realms of truth from the same maze of obscure revealment which is the sage's heirloom to the student of the buried past.

And again, I fixed my vision upon a copy of a little understood volume, which had been called "Holy" by its compilers, and, that I might not err, I referred to my "Webster" to see what this prefix might mean, and I found that the word was but positive, and that there were possible both a HOLIER and a HOLIEST, and, as I judge by the first definition, thus very nigh akin to "good, better, best."

Thus fortified, I turn again to this GOOD book, and follow with my friend the somewhat ambiguous and assuredly perplexing and circuituous narration of its opening chapters. Upon my reading table at home lies the manuscript copy of several chapters of a literary work which I confidently believe is destined to revolutionize the existent opinion of the age. It is the life-work of an orthodox Jew — a scholar of rare and exceptional attainment, and as I follow the clear text of James Sumner's annotations in his peculiar, plain handwriting, I find, to my surprise, that the discovery which had been confided to me by my Jewish friend, and which I thought was secret to all other men, had been unfolded to the clear vision of the remarkable, earnest and philosophic scholar, whose memory we would keep green.

Thus, did the profound discernment of our friend enable him to elucidate these truths, each of which had engrossed the entire study of many years, of two earnest, well-equipped and courageous investigators.

These are but single traits — paragraphs from the pages of the many-volumed work which his life has written. Other friends will bring these diversified labors to your notice.

HENRY LEMON TO JAMES SUMNER.

After the ardor of day the night creepeth,
Fadeth the crimson and gold 'neath the hill;
Morning's bright warbler of welcoming sleepeth,
Voices that sang to the sunlight are still.

Yet nature liveth, night's blue robe is spangled,
Thick with the star gems of myriad spheres,
And from the coverts where fierce nature wrangled
Drowsy hums sound to our listening ears.

Whether at daybreak, or at it's declining,
Life is eternal and sleep is but rest;
Twilight's sweet hush is the fountain's refining,
Freighted with coolness to temper its zest.

Whether the tempest hoarse mutters its thunders,
Whether the sunbeam unfoldeth the rose,
Each fleeting moment is pregnant with wonders,
Whether we struggle, or sink in repose.

Death cometh not to a man in his glory,
There is no grave which enshrineth the soul,
Green is remembrance, unending the story
Told of the striver who seeketh the goal.

Where is the dew that was drank in the morning?
Where is the sunbeam that drank it ere noon?
Where is the fragrance that came with the dawning,
Where the sweet carols the song birds attune?

Dead! Dost thou tell me, while I with rapt senses,
Listen, and feel, and inhale them again?
Dead! While I see through primordial lenses,
Winter's white crystals and summer's soft rain.

So, we meet, not to lament our true leader,
But, by communion, to glean from him still,
Truth from the margin whereon the clear reader
Pencilled the undying proof of his skill.

With him we journey in paths that are lighted,
Glowing with promise and pregnant with truth,
With him we grow manly, brave and clear sighted,
With him we bask in perpetual youth.

Can you not see him stand grandly before you?
Do you not KNOW that he thinks of us still?
Are not the echoes around you and o'er you
Filled with his voice and instinct with his will.

Luscious the grape of the uppermost cluster,
Golden the grain that grew ripe in the sun;
Man's brow uplifted is crowned with the lustre
Born of the glory of DUTY well done.

Brother! Our love keeps thy memory vernal,
Teacher! We feast on the fruit of thy brain,
Thought lives forever and love is eternal,
Death may not silence or sever these twain.

Vigilant stewards, we garner and treasure
All the rich fruitage thy earnestness won,
From the brimmed chalice and generous measure
Feast on the yield of a life work well done.

The secretary then read the following letters:

OFFICE OF THE BOSTON INVESTIGATOR,
PAINE HALL, APPLETON STREET,
BOSTON, November 6, 1895.

DEAR MR. MURRAY:

I very much regret that a previous engagement will prevent me from being at the memorial in honor of Mr. James Sumner. I am pleased to know that the worth and genius of our friend is to be recognized in this public manner. If popularity were measured by true nobility of purpose few halls in this city would be large enough to hold the throng which would assemble in his honor. He stood for the right as it appeared to him after hard study and conscientious thought; and he was an invincible champion of those principles of advanced reform which his single-hearted devotion to truth led him to advocate. Some day the world will appreciate the work of such men as Mr. Sumner. His illustrious and distinguished cousin, the Hon. Charles Sumner, stood for the emancipation of men from physical slavery; he in whose honor your meeting is to be held devoted his life to the no less honorable effort of rescuing his fellows from the darkness of mental bondage and the evils of unwise legislation. He was the friend of Messrs. Seaver and Mendum in former years, a frequent and a popular speaker in Paine Hall where his eloquent words and his courtly bearing will long be remembered with pleasure by us who were accustomed to regard him as a tower of strength in the work of unpopular reforms.

ERNEST MENDUM.

BOSTON, November 9, 1895.

DEAR MR. MURRAY:

What can I say of Mr. Sumner that will not be more eloquently portrayed at the memorial by those who knew him better by a more closer acquaintanceship than myself. His evolution towards collectivism did not advance as fast as many who worked side by side with him in the hard battle for Labor's

triumph over gold and greed. But in his upward ascendancy he fought with fiery impetuosity and intense earnestness that was always so forcible when some great new iniquity was about to be perpetrated by those who rule and rob.

My acquaintance with him was merely a succession of such incidents. In your own effort to introduce the Australian ballot system of voting, I remember quite well how wonderfully quick he was to perceive the national importance and beneficence of that measure which shall surely some day be the national law of the land —as it is now of many states. And — when later on in the office of the late E. M. Chamberlin—the place where you breathed it quietly to the American public through the medium of a few personal friends who had gathered to hear you—I say there, when he also heard that another assumed the paternity of its interjection into American politics—one who had no justification whatever for such an unrighteous proceeding, it drew from him such an outburst of honest indignation, such a withering breeze of scorn and contempt, that those who listened felt that the contemptible act which could inspire such an eloquent denunciation of meanness must ever find in its author a sterling and fealing advocate, not only for the great mass of suffering humanity; but also a fellow feeling and sympathy for every individual unit in its mighty multitude. And such James Sumner was — an earnest, intense fighter against all that oppress man and men.

Fraternally yours,

JOHN WALDRON BADGER.

JAMAICA PLAIN, Mass., November 2, 1895.

DEAR MR. MURRAY:

I shall probably not be at your gathering on Sunday afternoon; but I thank you for the invitation to join in paying tribute to Mr. Sumner's devotion to Socialism and the rights of man.

I had but little personal acquaintance with him, not sufficient to warrant my appearance on the occasion, before so many others who knew him intimately, and who are thereby better able to estimate his worth as a man and his service in the cause of social advancement. I have always esteemed him as an earnest and intelligent supporter of industrial and social reform. As such, he could not have failed to be a lifting force in his social circle.

We can ill afford to lose from our ranks any of our trained and proved workers; especially now when Kaisers abroad are sending Socialist editors to prison, and confiscating the journals and condemning as guilty of treason, members of parliament for denouncing their imperious and unconstitutional action; while at home millionaire

endowed colleges strike from their roll of professors, those who teach that ethics is the inherent and unexpurgable element and basis of true economic science; and that the latter condemns as immoral and impolitic the accumulation of millionaire fortunes in the hands of private individuals and corporations, because such accumulations can only be gained through systematized robbery of the great body of the people, especially the working classes, who comprise the most useful and deserving members of every civilized community.

Can your gathering say the word that shall give Socialism such a push that it may prove the most acceptable tribute to our comrade and friend.

Respectfully yours,

JOHN ORVIS.

No. 28 India Street,

Boston, Mass., 1895.

To William Murray,

Secretary of Committee:

I am very sorry that prior and other engagements makes it impossible for me to take part in the memorial service to James Sumner. James Sumner was one of the few men in this age of sordidness who redeemed humanity from the charge of vileness. His metaphysical analysis of the Bible, his essays on political economy, his boldness of utterance, his scholarly attainments is the best monument that we, who were in touch with him, can erect to his memory.

M. N. COTTLE.

Newark, N. J., November 9, 1895.

Dear Mr. Murray:

I trust that I may be permitted, in spirit at least, to join with those who will assemble and give fitting tribute to the memory of our departed friend. While living he devoted all his talent and energy, according to the light that came to him, for the benefit of his fellowmen. If "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord," surely James Sumner in the unknown hereafter will reap an eternity of blessings because his whole life was devoted to such giving and lending.

Permit me, even thus briefly to give my tribute to his memory and place this sprig of evergreen upon his last resting place.

Yours sincerely,

CHARLES H. LITCHMAN.

48 West Ninety-Third Street,
New York, November 5, 1895.

Dear Sir:

I regret that I cannot join those of the friends of the late James Sumner, who are to pay tribute to his memory in Boston next Sunday.

No higher words of praise than those which you use could be inscribed upon any man's tombstone, that he rendered "life-long service in behalf of unfortunate and oppressed humanity." Honored forever be the name of the man of whom this can be said.

Respectfully,
JOHN SWINTON.

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151 Worcester Street,
Boston, November 5, 1895.

Dear Mr. Murray:

Your invitation to participate in the services in commemoration of the true and valiant service performed in behalf of oppressed and unfortunate humanity by our late friend James Sumner, came duly to hand, and had thought until to-day that I could be present on that occasion and pay a brief tribute to his many excellent qualities of both heart and head. But I now find it will be impossible for me to do so as I am obliged to be absent from the city next Sunday. You will have a number of able speakers who are better competent than I am to do justice to his life-work. I only wish there were more left in the world like him, to carry on to a final consumation the work he loved so well, and for which he so unceasingly and unselfishly labored. May those who are left to continue the work find inspiration in the recollection of his self-sacrificing devotion to the cause he loved and suffered for.

Sincerely yours,
HENRY R. LEGATE.

Paradise Road,
Northampton, Mass., October 31, 1895.

To William Murray,
Secretary of Committee:

In response to the notification you give me of Memorial services in honor of that friend of humanity, James Sumner, I would say that in these times, when such men as he are none too common, it surely behooves those of kindred thought and sympathy to reverently honor the memory of those dropping from the ranks, for in so doing they

show that the sentiment which actuates them is something more than a passing show. Of James Sumner it may be truly said, he was "Amicus humani generis" —I judge from all I saw and heard.

Yours sincerely,

CHARLES F. WARNER.

North Scarboro, Me., November 3, 1895.

Dear Mr. Murray:

It is with extreme reluctance that I find that I must inform you it will be impossible for me to be with you to pay the last tribute of respect to the memory of our friend who has gone.

The Sumners of Boston and vicinity are of the oldest and most respected families in the State, and in common with most of them, he was the possessor of a vigorous mind in a vigorous body. Although living in an age of intellectual insincerity he sought the truth in all things, and when found, followed it "without variableness nor shadow of turning," being neither misled by cant, nor entangled by sophistry.

The labeling of a thing as "honest" and "sound," that was rife with corruption, could not for a moment deceive him. In such a mind, it is unnecessary to add that ecclesiastical superstitions could find no lodgement. More might be said, but all else would be but parenthesis and comment.

Sincerely,

W. H. McLAUGHLIN.

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98 W. Springfield Street,

Boston, October 29, 1895.

Dear Mr. Murray:

Another veteran worker in the cause of human progress has passed away from life's activities. In the departure of Mr. James Sumner we have lost the co-operative and helpful labors of a man whose mind was ever alive to the intellectual conceptions of the necessity that a new and equitable system of political economics be adopted; and whose feelings were warmed in sympathetic touch with humanity suffering from the imperfections of the present methods of production and exchange. He aided much in the dissemination of truths regarding finance, which in the very nature of the evolution of humanity will in the near future become embodied in law and be made applicable to the necessities of individuals, cities, states and nations.

P. P. FIELD, M. D.

Boston, Mass., November 6, 1895.

Mr. Wm. Murray,

Dear Sir:

In reply to your request to be present at the memorial services to Mr. James Sumner, I would say that I am very sorry that I will not be able to be with you as a prior engagement is my reason. It was my privilege to be acquainted with Mr. Sumner for about twenty-five years. Mr. Sumner was one of the few men that this country has so far produced, who had the courage of his convictions. He was the friend of the wage slave in the face of the money power; in a word, he was one of nature's noblemen.

J. J. W. FRASER.

South Truro, Mass., November 7, 1895.

To William Murray, Secretary:

It is with sincere regret that I must say to your committee that I shall be unable to participate in the memorial services to our beloved comrade, the late James Sumner, but let me assure you that my heart will readily respond to the highest testimonials that may be offered to his worth; hoping that his life may be to me an inspiration, and that as my soul goes out after him, I may find that his death has lighted my pathway to the tomb.

I remain, most sincerely yours,

NATHANIEL RICH.

Danvers, Mass., November 7, 1895.

William Murray, Secretary:

I regret not being able to participate in the memorial services to one who bore an honored name, one which shall shine resplendent among the immortals. His was a hand that never had been contaminated by any bribe, his was a noble heart that knew not a single stain. He never courted the favor of an ignominious majority by descending to their standard. He never snbstituted prejudices for principles. He never furnished sophistry to propagate and defend injustice. His was a character to admire, an example to emulate, a memory to cherish. In honoring him we honor ourselves. He was incorruptible, "An honest man, the noblest work of God."

W. O. DWINNELL.

Letters from Rev. Dr. Teele, Hon. E. A. Morse, Rev. Jesse H. Jones, Hon. J. D. Long, Hon. E. Gerry Brown and others were read.

The Chairman: We are fortunate in having with us a gentleman who has frequently met Mr. Sumner in debate. I know you will be pleased to hear the veteran reformer, Mr. D. Kirkwood.

TRIBUTE OF MR. D. KIRKWOOD.

Mr. Chairman and friends: I thank the chairman very much for an opportunity being thus afforded me to speak at a meeting held in memory of one of those bright lights that so frequently in the past it has been my pleasure to listen to. I suppose that no one would doubt the honesty, the integrity and firm belief in his convictions that it would be possible to think of in any other light than that to hold in endearment the name of James Sumner.

Mr. Chairman, the associations with Mr. Sumner carry me back twenty-two years. I recollect, in Hospitaller Hall, where we used to meet, I think it is about twenty-two years, Sir, since I met him, when we used to debate upon the different subjects, and when I throw my mind back to that time and think of the numerous faces that used to come up there, conflicting with their ideas and expressing themselves, I try to conjure up the faces once more; but, how many of them are gone? Why, it seems astonishing the number that have disappeared from the debating platform during that time. I, on many occasions, have had an opportunity of debating with Mr. Sumner—he being an Idealist and myself a Materialist, and I always could notice that the most gentlemanly conduct adorned him, and in speaking and in all his talks against the other side it was mere difference of opinion, and still he was willing to agree to differ and meet in a gentlemanly manner with an opponent who might possess the extreme opposite of the platform which he occupied. I do not know of anyone that ever exemplified to me greater energy and more eloquence than he was competent to do. Possessed of a splendid flow of language, and likewise well equipped, no unevenness evident in his speaking, all thoroughly prepared, showing that he had given the question that he had taken in hand every opportunity of being thoroughly treated

of, and it is in such manner that I always found him. I do not wonder, really, to see so many faces, notwithstanding that it seems a little late (I had wished it had been a little earlier) but it is very pleasant to think that when one good man who worked so much in the interest of his fellow creatures — really, it seems to me, the very least that we can do to recognize this and keep somewhat in unison with those lines of Longfellow, and show that we appreciate that the

> "Lives of great men all remind us,
> We can make our lives sublime,
> And departing leave behind us,
> Footprints on the sands of time."

Mr. Sumner has left his footprints. He has evidenced the possibility of one occupying the very highest social position, being able to work in the interest of his fellow-creatures without fear or reward. He did it for the love of principle, believing that he stood upon a platform sufficiently grand to hold all humanity. It does not influence me at all the possible chance of grace—I do not say it in bravado—the chance of meeting in any future state; it is enough for me, a materialist, to know that he left the impressions behind him which will do lasting good. To all those who may have had an opportunity of hearing him speak upon some of his favorite subjects, there is no doubt that there were very few better qualified to take a position and logically pursue it; likewise to the pleasurable gratification of the audience. We lost a speaker, we lost a thinker, and to a very great extent we lost an important actor upon the platform of utility, and although so diverse from myself in religious views, still it is possible to say that he was operating in the interest of all, irrespective of religious creed or dogma. That is something to say, that you can think of an individual that possesses these humane feelings to such a high extent that it is entirely irrespective of priest, or church, or chapel. It is something of an advance when you find an individual like him actually being in good fellowship willing to extend the hand to the Catholic on the one side if need be, and the Protestant on the other, and to the Materialist on the other. He

had advanced through these progressive stages until he had attained to that position that he was willing to confer with those of the most diverse religious opinion. Would that we had more of them; would that we had more people who were not so narrowed down to imagine that there was only one way to gain the grace which they may believe in. Would that we had more who believed that working for humanity's sake is a sufficient claim to a noble ideal, and to draw you toward the highest conception of good. Mr. Sumner has left that impression upon my mind. I only wish that I had had an opportunity of knowing that his end was so near, I would have felt it to be an honor to shake the hand of an individual for whom I had such a respect. Mr. Chairman, let us hope that the winds will blow light, that the storms will cease, and that the lilies will grow over the grave of one who did so much toward the interest and progression of the human race.

The Chairman: We have with us to-day a representative of the most unpopular and least understood of all the movements towards higher and holier aspirations which are history's continuous catalogue, I mean the effort to apply the American principle of government to industry. Please give attention to Mr. David Taylor of the Socialist-Labor party.

Tribute to James Sumner.

BY MR. DAVID TAYLOR.

To-day, standing in this presence, I feel very incompetent to do full justice or even approximate justice to the subject of this occasion, inasmuch as I am conscious of the fact that I am to treat of the character and career of no ordinary man. Whether fortunate or unfortunate, it is a fact that some of our truest, greatest, noblest, most public spirited and patriotic citizens are not appreciated until the hand of death has removed them from our mortal vision and they have joined the innumerable company of kindred souls who have preceded them. To-day, I frankly confess that such is the case with myself and over the chasm of death I drop a tear and extend my

hand to my departed friend and co-laborer in the vast field of industrial and social reconstruction and reform. I say that since the demise of Mr. Sumner, through the perusal of his tribute to the memory of his friend, Rev. J. M. L. Babcock, I have come into a more intimate acquaintance with the real character and spirit of the man than ever before and that I have been vividly and deeply impressed by his kindness and generosity, his friendship and affection, and his unswerving and heroic devotion to the cause of humanity, even in the very prospect of death. I am not here to-day to offer apologies for the course in life which Mr. Sumner pursued, nor would this be the time and place to do so, were I conscious that such was a necessity in his case. I affirm that his career in the labor movement, the very fact of his earnest and enthusiastic participation therein, contains within itself its own defense, its own justification, and therefore needs no defense at my hands. That justification inhered in the very nature of the economic conditions of society, in the wrongs and injustices under which he saw the working people were suffering and to the eradication and removal of which he consecrated the intellectual and moral forces of his being. Such a course was tantamount to espousing the cause of the under dog in the fierce and terrible competitive game of life, and like all other social reformers, he drew upon himself the hatred and contempt of the snobocracy and aristocracy of Boston and Massachusetts. The consequence was that like most of us he had to endure social ostracism — the coldness, indifference and apathy of former associates and friends. But Mr. Sumner was no truckling time-server, intellectual trickster, conscience-stretcher and policy-man. He embraced the labor movement and threw his whole soul into it because he was convinced that its underlying principles were true and right. He realized that in this capitalistic era of ours there was a REAL conflct between labor and capital, and that under the operations of the present competitive system, by means of the threefold systematic robbery of the laboring people, in the form of rent,

interest and profit, the actual producers of wealth were despoiled of the major portion of the products of their toil. He thus clearly perceived that the working people were foredoomed to poverty under such an outrageously unjust economic system, while an ever decreasing number of citizens were destined, so long as the system itself continued, to own and control the instruments of production, together with the wealth of the country, and thus to luxuriate in idleness at the expense of the the well-being and happiness of the great body of the people who were compelled by necessity to do all the work and who were thus held in enforced subjection and bondage to the few. With such a view and with such a comprehension of the economic situation, he became firmly convinced that the only hope for the working people for a thorough and permanent redress of their grievances, for a radical and complete righting of their wrongs was to be found in the total reconstruction of industrial society upon the basis of co-operation. In other words, with him the hope of the toiling, suffering masses was to be found in socialism; in the establishment of the co-operative commonwealth in place of the present reckless, planless, man-destroying, woman-destroying and child-destroying system of competition. Hence it was that he identified himself with the Knights of Labor, through which organization he hoped to achieve for the workers some of the most lasting benefits. In fact he hoped to see all branches of honorable toil united under the banner of the Knights of Labor for the purpose of superceding the wage system of co-operative labor which would secure to them the full fruit of their toil. It was some twelve or thirteen years ago that I first met Mr. Sumner in Assembly 3123, K.of L., in Boston, of which for a time he was Master Workman. The Assembly held its sessions at 176 Tremont Street, the present site of the New Tremont Theatre, whereon stood a building containing many halls, and which was used for many years as a general rendevous by the various bodies of organized labor. There, and elsewhere, he performed yeoman service for the labor movement, and with myself spoke at many a

meeting in behalf of more humane conditions for the workers. He organized three Assemblies of the K. of L., one of which was named the James Sumner Assembly, and continued to do excellent and faithful service for that organization until he was pursued mercilessly and jealously by those sleuth hounds of capital, who, then as now, were the bane and curse of the labor movement. Then he retired from the order, disgusted and disappointed and his life, in consequence, made shorter by twenty years, as you Mr. Chairman, have truly said. It was in those early days, that I found a most earnest and able colleague and leader in the person of Mr. Sumner in his advocacy of the necessity and duty of organized labor for independent political action. Mr. Sumner saw that for the working people to fight capitalism on the economic field by means of the strike and the boycott was not sufficient, that capitalism must be fought on the political field as well, by means of the ballot intelligently used for affecting the conquest of the public powers of the state and the nation to the end that they might through the exercise of such powers accomplish the complete demolition of the system of wage slavery by erecting in its stead the co-operative commonwealth. And the course of certain others was just the same then as now. Those blind leaders of the blind—those misleaders of labor—then as now invariably raised the cry of no politics in the assembly, no politics in the union. Yet those men would not abstain from politics by any means; they would work in ways that were dark and tricks that were vain. They would work, now for the Republican party, and now for the Democratic party, and would seek to influence the action of the members of the labor bodies, each for the particular party to which he belonged or to which he might have pledged his influence for a consideration. It was at such an important and critical period that Mr. Sumner appeared like a John the Baptist in the wilderness of labor, declaring the higher and better and more effective way of independent political action on the part of the working people. Such a man as Mr. Sumner was born out of the necessities and circumstances of the times, and had a distinct mission

to fill, and therefore his presence in the labor movement, as one of its leading and most powerful factors, was not the result of accident or of chance. While living in the midst of, and surrounded by an unjust and inhuman industrial order, Mr. Sumner could do no other than let the voice of his own conscience be heard on the matter. Ralph Waldo Emerson in one of his essays has this thought, "By God it is in me and must be out of me." It was the spirit of the reformer that was in James Sumner, and that spirit naturally was destined to express itself in defiance of and in opposition to every form of injustice and oppression, custom and conventionality and in favor of the practical recognition by the State of the right of workers to receive and enjoy the full product of their toil as against the world.

The Chairman: We have with us to-day one of the few surviving members of the S. R. C. (Social Reform Club) of which Mr. Sumner and myself were members, and which has been immortalized by its founder, the late Mr. Babcock, in his great novel "The Dawning.' Mr. Thomas C. Brophy of Somerville.

Remarks of Thomas C. Brophy.

During the twenty years that I have been about labor circles the reaper, death, has gathered to himself many who had thrown themselves upon the spears of the present order. E. D. Linton passed away shortly before I became familiar with the figures prominent in the labor movement in Boston; he was one of the early pioneers in the movement; he died about 1874. The next to be called was John Bowdlear, an earnest and honest soul, and, though advanced in years, was an active worker. Then, after a long struggle, Jennie Collins, an early advocate and worker for the ten hour law in this State, heard the "inaudible and noiseless footsteps at her door." Ira Steward, a man who devoted many years of his life to the short-hour movement, died about 1880. In 1892 Edwin M. Chamberlin, who, for twenty years or more had borne the heat and burden of the day was suddenly called "to that bourne from whence no traveller has yet returned." In 1884 the silver-tongued orator and champion

of the oppressed of the world, Wendell Phillips, was stricken down. The memory of Wendell Phillips is cherished by the working classes all over the world to-day, and especially here in Boston, where his voice was so often heard in defense of those principles so dear to all our hearts. He was nonpareil. J. M. L. Babcock, anti-slavery agitator, labor reformer, liberal, editor of the "New Age," poet, and author of "The Dawning," was suddenly and rudely called from a world that was not entirely a burden to him. He was an honest man, had a kind heart and big brain. Charles E. Bowers, who organized the first Nationalist club, was next called from the trials and tribulations of the world. He was loved by many. Edward S. Huntington, another Nationalist, and author of "Dreams of the Dead," followed soon after his friend Bowers. After a long illness and much suffering, the eloquent and earnest Harry W. Robinson, who was the first candidate of the Socialist Labor Party for governor in this State, gave up the ghost. His memory will be kept green by the many comrades who loved him. It was only the other day that many of those present stood at the coffin of George J. Moulton, who for many years did honest and faithful work for the cause. Horace Seaver, for fifty years editor of the Boston "Investigator," and as an orator second only to Wendell Phillips, was an old time friend of Sumner; they have met on a hundred platforms to discuss every question that has ever agitated cultured Boston. Others that I remember in various movements that Mr. Sumner was identified with were John S. Verity, J. P. Mendum, Richard Burke, J. S. Wetheral, L. D. Welby and Peter Sheehan. Many that are here have assembled, as we do to-day, to pay tribute to their memory.

I am very glad, as a friend of Mr. Sumner's, and as a co-worker with him, to pay my humble tribute to his worth and integrity as a man. No man, so far as I know, ever walked these streets with any more integrity, any more fixedness of purpose or any greater desire to serve humanity than Mr. Sumner, and how much humanity needs champions. When we take into consideration that the well-born

child—that any well-born, healthy child, if given proper food, and proper sanitary conditions, and the conditions that are proper, may grow to a physical stature of six feet—of course we all understand what proper care and proper food will do, and when we take into consideration the fact that with all the modern appliances for producing wealth, and the power of man to increase and multiply the things that sustain life, and that a man working eight hours a day for five years with all the modern appliances, may produce enough to support him during a life time of seventy years. When these things are taken into consideration, is it not a crime that people come into the world and are not properly cared for, and do not have an opportunity to develop the very best and the very highest possibilities in them. It ought to be the privilege and the opportunity of every child to develop to the very highest possible point; and why is not every child, why is not every person, entitled to as good an education and as good a living as any other child or any other person? Mr. Phillips said that he came into the labor movement because he looked about and he saw "that one-third of the human race never had enough to eat." Many people ridicule the idea of working for humanity, but if they consider the bad conditions under which humanity comes into the world, and the bad conditions that exist for a great portion of the human race during the time they are here, they would understand that humanity is in distress and in bad condition, and that there is no need of its being so. And so, I say, humanity needs champions, and when a man who has his daily bread to earn and his family to support, comes out and champions the cause of humanity, it seems to me that he is deserving of far greater praise than is the professional. As a rule, the so called great men — the leading men of any particular era are professionals, they are educated and sustained by societies or the public, and from their very infancy are educated to be statesmen, philosophers or teachers. Very often it is to sustain some system of society that is for the benefit of the few, and, I think that, looking

Bright visions danced before his eyes, and sweet voices urged him on. Many a magnificent prize was almost within his grasp; and the goal in sight was one which any man might envy. The comrades of his youth, captivated by the alluring pictures, pressed eagerly forward to the glorious end so plainly descried. Not so, Mr. Sumner. As he stood at the parting of the ways, other visions thronged on his sight; and other voices murmured in his ears. He saw men and women bleeding and crushed by the merciless weapons of legalized wrongs. He saw that the golden fruit, plucked by his companions with so great avidity, grew in gardens of injustice, fertilized by human hearts and watered with human blood. He heard the myriad cries of helpless sufferers, wreathing in unspeakable anguish, that the few might revel in luxurious idleness. Such sights and sounds so filled his senses that the gorgeous pictures faded from his view, and the siren voices were hushed into silence. To him the stern and rocky path of duty was more worthy of a man than the sandy road of gain or the flowery field of pleasure. We are met here today because we believe his choice was wise and right. He sacrificed what the world holds dear; but he has won the unfading laurels of a lover of mankind. Such a man is always misunderstood. No man with a strong personality can fail to make enemies. The world has small love for iconoclasts, though their efforts promote its greatest progress. The tongue of slander is busy with all who have in any way distinguished themselves. The social reformer, in particular, is always a marked man. Because he was chosen to war with existing ills; because he fearlessly denounces even respectable criminality; he is both hated and feared. Men look on him as a being apart from others. They demand that his own life shall exhibit a perfection never yet attained by man. Even a Buddha or a Christ cannot escape their malice. Does the reformer weep? He is a hypocrate, or at best a maudlin sentimentalist. Does he smile? He is a traitor to his professions of self-denial. Does he frown? He is malignant, and a foe to man. Because he has already done much, he must do more. Because he

sacrificed the better portion of his life to the cause of humanity, he is false to his principles if he enjoys any of the pleasures of life. Is it not strange that those who most warmly chide the reformer for throwing away his life in a vain effort to make the world better, are also the first to shout their condemnation if he allows himself a moments rest from his labors. Each generation misreads the lessons of the past. It heeps garlands on the graves of the martyrs of a former age, while its great ones of the present are spurned as fools and dangerous enemies of civilization. "But wisdom is justified of her children." Some who walk among us to-day, despised and hated of the world at large, will, in years to come, receive the honor which we now mete out to heros of the past.

Is there no need of strong men to-day? Has the great conflict been fought out and the battle won for human progress? Answer, ye annals of the present year. We need not turn to Armenia, where Turkish despotism mocks at the protests of outraged humanity; nor to Russia, where an autocracy, blinded by power, is slowly forging the thunderbolts which will yet dash it to nothingness; nor to Germany, where a madman on the throne pours forth his blasphemous boasts, and invokes the aid of prison walls to stifle the rising voice of liberty. Let us rather behold our own nation, towering aloft in its boasted freedom, and full of contemptuous pity for the less enlightened peoples of the globe. Yet this giant stands silent, as if in fetters, while the ruffian arm of Spain is extended to crush out the spark of liberty in one of the fairest islands of the new world. Shame on us, recreant children of noble sires, if we sit idly by to behold the consummation of this infamy. We pride ourselves on our spirit of democracy; while our daily papers, acting as panders to a vicious taste, crowd their columns with the story of the sale of a proud maiden, for the title worn by a European blackguard. To the shame of American womanhood be it said, that in the metropolis of New York, thousands who would desire to be termed respectible, who would scorn to pass near one of their frail sisters of the slums, thronged to a fashionable church to behold the sacriligious contract, wherein the daughter of

back over the history of the movement, the people who have done the most for the race have been non-professionals, the men and women who have had their daily bread to earn. James Sumner was a Socialist, that is, he was a modern Democrat, for Socialism means Democracy and the term Democracy to-day stands for Plutocracy.

He understood that we cannot leave the organization of labor to private enterprise, but that society must organize labor in order to save itself and the race from slavery more galling than chattel slavery. He was a Populist-Socialist, and had he lived I am sure he would have come to the party that is to save the working classes—that is to emancipate the children of toil and sorrow—the Socialist-Labor party.

It is but a few short months since I occupied the same room with Mr. Sumner at the old Sumner homestead on Brush Hill near the Blue Hills of Milton, and heard some of his views on the problems of life and death. He was not, like some of our friends, acquainted with the mystery of death, indeed he died with the hope for a conscious existence in the future. He did not fear death. The superstitous fear of death has been the stock in trade on which the priesthood has lived and prospered in all ages. With this fear banished from the human heart and mind, the race has turned its face to life and its duties. James Sumner was a good friend; once the ties of friendship were formed by him with another, they were not broken for slight and trivial reasons. "Happy is the home," says Emerson, "that shelters a friend. He who offers himself as a candidate for that covenant comes up, like an Olympian to the games where the first-born of the world are competitors. He proposes himself for contests where time, want and danger are on the lists, and he alone is victor who has truth enough in his constitution to preserve the delicacy of his beauty from the wear and tear of all these." Our hero stood all of these tests. n some respec ts friendship is stronger and deeper than love. "A friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of nature." We do not condemn, or ever think condemnation—the weak or false friend, but it is not hard for us to believe, as it has been said somewhere, that the

false friend is doomed forever to wander in space, and never find a resting place. Farewell, dear friend, long shall your memory be kept green in our hearts.

The Chairman: "The radical of to-day is the conservative of to-morrow." To-day in commemoration of the eminent socialist who represented seven generations of New England culture, I am gratified to be able to call upon another radical reformer whose claim to American citizenship is equally indisputable. I have great pleasure in presenting to you a grandson of Rev. Samuel F. Smith, author of our hymn "America," Mr. James F. Morton, president of the Second Nationalist Club, of Boston.

James F. Morton's Tribute.

It is not my purpose this afternoon to indulge in any extravagant laudation, or to draw any invidious comparisons between Mr. Sumner and other earnest reformers. Nothing could be more ill-timed than the introduction of any insincere or exaggerated eulogy here, where we are met to express an affectionate remembrance of one whose whole life was a protest against shams of every sort. If there was one characteristic of the friend who has left us more salient than any other, it was his utter abhorrence for all conventional and ungrounded pretences. Whether in religion, in politics, in industrial or social life, no fraud was rendered inviolable to him by the sanctity of age, or by the multitude of its supporters. In the death of such a man, the spirit of reform suffers a real loss. Yet since no one of us is more than one factor in a vast and complicated problem, to attribute all that has been done to one, or to a few, would be to inflict a grevious wrong on many faithful workers. In such an age as ours, it is a high honor to occupy even a subordinate position in the ranks of the world's reformers. Much more, then, is it a rare privilege to have stood for years, bearing the brunt of a fierce battle, sustained by an overpowering love for humanity, and an unfaltering trust in the cause of justice. Such an honor belongs, in a pre-eminent degree, to James Sumner. When he started out in life he looked upon a future full of promise. The road to prosperity seemed plain and easy.

the Vanderbilts, like any other prostitute, sold her honor "for value received." We boast of free speech, while in the State of Kansas, Moses Harmon, a man grown gray in the effort to uplift mankind, lies in prison on a trumped up charge, for daring to defend the rights of woman against the brutality of even a husband. We talk of relig ious freedom, while in Tennessee and Georgia, men are working in the chain-gang for following the dictates of their conscience in observing the seventh rather than the first day of the week as a day of rest. We claim the right of lawful assemblages, yet Eugene V. Debs, robbed of his constitutional liberty, is hurled into jail at the bidding of the plutocratic masters of this country. We pride ourselves on the advancement of learning; while Chicago Untversity loudly proclaims to the world that she has no desire for truth, and can accept no teaching which is not acceptable to Judas Rockerfeller and his associate criminals in the conspiracy against the American people. These are sad and terrible pictures; and they are but a few salient groups in the vast cyclorama. The worst has never been told; it is unguessed, save by a few. The whole truth is not to be conceived by the average mind. We may well tremble for our country, for we are rapidly approaching the culmination of a vast and terrible tragedy. If our civilization is to be saved from being whelmed in the vortex of destruction, it mnst be by a speedy awakening of the whole people, and a swift application of the principles of justice to the social and industrial crisis.

A few voices are indeed raised in warning, but the doom of Cassandra seems to be upon them. They prophecy, and are not believed. Such a true prophet was James Sumner. He was not content to linger on the surface. He knew that underneath all these effects lay causes which must be reached. He saw these gigantic evils, and strove to lay the axe at the main root. We honor him today, not merely for his integrity of purpose, but also for his clearness of vision. Nor, having put his hand to the plough, did he look back. Reform work was no mere holiday task with him. Without reward, without personal advantage, he toiled on unweariedly, year after year, fully contented if his efforts might but aid a little in lightening the burdens of the human race. The best tribute we can pay to his memory is to take up the work where he left it off, to labor with fresh zeal and ardor, knowing that generations to come will reap

the harvest. Hail, and farewell, comrade! In life we were stronger for thy strength; being dead, thou shalt speak with a yet clearer voice, bidding us not disgrace thy memory, and in other lives, in new incarnations, if we shall meet thee again, may it be to stand shoulder to shoulder in the ranks, and to pour forth our energy in higher contests for the Good, the Beautiful, and the True.

The Chairman: A memorial meeting to James Sumner at which Tax Reformers were unrepresented, would be incomplete if not anomalous. Mr. T. R. Fitch of South Braintree.

Remarks of Mr. Fitch.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: It is written, out of the fullness of the heart, the mouth speaketh. Surely out of brim full, honest hearts must come the utterances of this meeting for what reward awaits deception here. Our recollections of public men, acquaintances, comrades in arms or fellows in the fight for the fullness of freedom through the betterment of the social system, are engraved upon our memories in various ways. On a certain Sunday evening in the winter of '63 and '64, for the first time I was one of Mr. Beecher's hearers. The man and the occasion were fixed upon my memory from the fact of making note of one of the great preacher's graphic sentences, which was this: "That which in its highest exercise is most conducive to happiness, in its perversion entails the greater misery." I never revert to that impressive truth but instantly I am in the presence of that magnificent personality and marvelous orator. If a man has a dollar in his pocket and purposes always to have a dollar, all he needs to do is to keep the dollar. Far otherwise with a knowledge of truth in the mind, and the possession of a generous impulse in the heart. If we would make these our own we must hasten the one and utilize the other. He that would lose his life shall save it, and the friend, whose memory we are here to-day to cast the sweet flowers of expressions of affectionate remembrance and heart-felt appreciation upon, was one who for years, the best years of his life, was willing to lose that others might gain. On the 13th of April, 1865, I was one of a great throng gathered in the Executive grounds in Washington, listening to Mr. Lincoln address us from a window in the upper story of the White House. How impressively earnest he was and how prophetic! Let us remember that that was

his dying message, as it were, to his country. A few hours later, and the assassin's cruel bullet had done its deadly work and that eloquent tongue was silent in death, which pictured to us the glorious panorama of the future, of that land of which from henceforth we might truthfully say, "Sweet land of liberty," or springing from anguish of heart as he prophetically pictured the possibility that the beneficent results of that war which had just ended, the rich fruits of that, the most terrific struggle that ever the stars looked down upon, were all to be garnered into the laps of a favored few. This by means of iniquitous legislation is an accomplished fact, and as a consequence this broad, bountiful land of ours is under the blight and blast of the festering sore of poverty, and the consuming dry rot of satiety. I may add after mentioning that our dear friend was one of the few who faithful and fearless gave warning of the coming events, that in 1874, I met him in Boston, and it was then that again the man and the occasion impressed themselves upon my memory. The man in the might and majesty of manhood, the one of whom we are speaking this afternoon. I remember him only as I knew him then, that rapid speech, that powerful voice, that impressive manner, and that big fist of his; I often wondered where he got it. I never knew that he was very intimately related to hard work, and I supposed it must have grown in sympathy with his heart. I understand that concentration was the real meaning in that quotation from Goldsmith.

> "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

Who can believe that the Irish bard any more than our friend was writing against the accumulation of wealth. It is concentration, not accumulation that brings the dire decay. Wealth cannot come too fast to wealth producers. It is that horrid violation of natural law, and perversion of the divine order, the concentration of wealth in the hands of the few, that throughout the length and breadth of this blood-soaked, tear-drenched world of ours, condemns labor in cells—when I say labor, including of course the combined effort of brawn and brains, condemns, I say, labor, the real lord of the earth in cells of hopeless toil to wear out his life in order to supply the means that the impious landlord may wallow in wealth. And at this Sabbath and somewhat solemn hour it will certainly be a place for us to reflect seriously yet hopefully that in yet a little while our turn will come.

" When the boatman pale,
With the snow-white sail,
Shall row us o'er the river."

Serenely, hopefully, may we repose in that unquestioning, child-like faith that prompted the beloved Whittier, and say with him :

" I know not what the future hath,
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death,
His mercy underlies.

I know not where his islands lift,
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift,
Beyond his love and care."

And to all who in earthly life, like our brother, forgetful of personal comfort, pecuniary interest, social position, and political prosperity, for truth's own dear sake, are willing to learn and love and live the truth, the same to-day as ever and forever. " Blessed are ye if men revile you and persecute you and say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake, for great is your reward in heaven."

Oh, friends, if beyond the grave there is a heaven, in whose wide area the spirit may find room, and in the love of whose bright inhabitants the lavish heart may spend itself, what friends will meet us there. As to our dear brother's religious opinions, or non-opinions, I have no comment. I said Jesus, " if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me." This, we must admit, is not an accomplished fact, but may it not be possible that he has not been lifted up. Oh ! I do believe that whenever the church shall lift up the real Christ it will stand amazed as it will then discover who were the atheists and infidels.

If beyond the grave THERE IS a land where the spirit may find room and in love of who's bright habitants the lavish heart may spend itself, and gaining its shores we go in search of our friend. Where ! Where ? Surely not in the companionship of those selfishing, rejoicing in their own salvation, but rather let us discover, if we may, where there are loads to lighten and lives to brighten, for there we must seek if we would find James Sumner.

The Chairman : The American Revolution gave a few immortal names to the world ; the contest with slavery added others ; and the battle with unjust conditions which is being waged to-day will add many more. Among these latter, it is safe to say, will be the name of Levy H. Turner, a man for whom Mr. Sumner had great respect and admiration.

Mr. Turner's Tribute.

Mr. Chairman and Friends: I shall only occupy your attention a moment. I am very glad to be here and add one more tribute to the memory of that man who was and still is, so dear, and will ever continue to be to the hearts of those present. Nearly everyone of those present was acquainted with Mr. Sumner, and I agree with our friend Brophy that if Mr. Sumner, with the ability and courage that he possessed, had turned the work of his life in the direction and over the lines of one or other of the old parties, he would have risen to a distinction fully as great as that of his relative, the other member of his illustrious family. There has been one phase of Mr. Sumner's life that I look upon as the most self-sacrificing phase that has not been referred to here. The condition in which he was born would not naturally have impelled him to sympathize so much with suffering humanity, landless and homeless humanity, with the pains that are suffered by the wage-earner as one born in that same condition. Mr. Sumner, to a large extent, was born as the current phrase runs, with a silver spoon in his mouth, not rich, not affluent, not powerful, but still above and beyond the common necessity that surrounds and hedges in the opportunities of very many young men. But in spite of all that, in spite of his family associations and the opportunities that lay at hand, he rather preferred to take up—put his shoulder to the wheel and put on the armor in the grand crusade. Mr. Sumner came into the field of my observation something over twenty years ago. I was considerably younger than he, and it has been only about twelve or fourteen years that I have had a personal acquaintance with him, though I have observed his methods for a longer time, and there have been many things that I could call to mind that have commended Mr. Sumner to my respect, but I will not take the time to-day. There is one in particular, when I was a younger man than I am, in a little political movement, Mr. Sumner served on the committee with myself, and an opportunity came up in which Mr, Sumner's bold and courageous assertion of his manly independence and determination to do the right, commended him to my esteem and lasting memory. Years ago, after a debate which was supplementary to a movement in the organization of a charity distributing aid in this city, Mr. Sumner argued against that meeting. He and I were going to the depot, and for the

first time in my life I heard that man speak, as I thought, at that time, for a moment disrespectfully of that which I considered the God-ordained human institution of charity. Since then I have realized the truth of his position and the justice and grandness of it. Charity will not settle the labor problem, and charity will not solve nor supplant this warring social order. We may love and respect those who scatter bouquets of roses around society, who make death-beds easier, and put music in dismal garrets and cold cellars, but we cannot help respecting more the man who, instead of scattering bouquets, chooses rather to scatter rose seeds, that those who come after, the succeeding generations, shall find the whole world fragrant with the resulting fruitage.

So, in closing, allow me to say that although this is a moment of sorrow and regret, yet I believe we should not regret the loss so much of that grand, good honest man as we should rejoice for what we so long enjoyed and still retain in his precious memory.

The Chairman: "Time's noblest offspring is the last." I will now ask humanity's rising hope, Mr. E. C. Baldwin, to close this meeting.

Remarks of Mr. E. C. Baldwin.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: The hour is late and I do not know but what I am very glad of it, because I did not prepare myself to say anything this afternoon on the death of such an illustrious man as James Sumner. I felt when the Chairman gave me the invitation that I ought to prepare for this occasion, but I remember a statement which Mr. Sumner made to me and I shall never forget it, for they were the last words that that noble man uttered to me. It was on the occasion when I had charge of the detail work of the Populist campaign and Mr. Sumner came in and expressed to me his regret at his inability to speak. Physically a wreck, mentally a giant. He said to me, "Baldwin, I glory in this work; I am proud to see young men taking hold of it, and I ask you, if you have a spark of the spirit of Wendell Phillips, to push this cause forward and bring the American people to a position where they will realize the condition in which they are living, for, if they are not informed and awakened to the conditions which surround them, there is a desperate and bloody war to be fought over again."

Now, when I recalled those words, I felt that the highest tribute I could add to the memory of that great man, James Sumner, was to go out in the political field and work as best I could to bring about the conditions which he so desired. And, for that reason, Mr. Chairman, no formal address have I prepared for this occasion, but I hope the day will come when I can look back upon my past and say that I have attempted in the least degree to approach the work which Mr. Sumner performed when a young man of my age. A man who can go to his grave with the great character, the great reputation that Mr. Sumner has left behind him is certainly a credit to this great country of ours. I suppose I ought to say something of his political life, for I knew him only in that sphere. As a politician, Mr. Sumner was a failure; as a statesman, he was a gigantic success. He knew nothing of the tricks or manipulations of the politician. His mind was of the high and noble standard of the statesman and philosopher, and as such, I glory in the memory of the man. No better tribute can I bring forward than these few lines which I quote. He lived

"For the cause that needs assistance;
For the wrongs that lacks resistance;
For the future in the distance;
And for the good that he could do."

The Chairman. Ladies and Gentlemen: In behalf of the family of Mr. Sumner, the committee, through me, would proffer most sincere thanks to the several speakers for their feeling and eloquent tributes and to all, for your no less kind and appreciative attention. Again, I thank you.

LAST PUBLIC ADDRESS

OF

JAMES SUMNER,

DELIVERED AT A MEMORIAL SERVICE

TO THE LATE

REV. J. M. L. BABCOCK,

IN INVESTIGATOR HALL, BOSTON,

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 22, 1894.

No complete tribute to Mr. Sumner can be made which omits mention of his loyal devotion to friends. The heroism manifested on leaving a sick room and coming to Boston to drop a tear on the bier of his friend, the late Rev. J. M. L. Babcock, and the beautiful and scholarly tribute he paid to him at the memorial service on the following week, proved that he was as loyal as Pythias and as classical as Addison. WILLIAM MURRAY.

JAMES SUMNER'S TRIBUTE IN MEMORIAM TO THE REV. JOHN MARTIN LUTHER BABCOCK.

I stand here to-day to offer my humble tribute to a friend, for I can truly say that he was to me a friend indeed, faithful and just. I first made the acquaintance of Mr. Babcock about twenty years ago, at the time of the founding of "THE NEW AGE," a newspaper established by Mr. Babcock for the expression of free thought. That acquaintance soon ripened to friendship, and ever since then an intimate relation of confidence has existed between us. Some time ago, in discussing the subject of death, we mutually agreed with each other, that, in the event of death of either, the survivor should speak in memoriam of the other. When, last winter, I believed myself to be on my death-bed, I reminded Mr. Babcock of this promise, and he readily consented to conduct the services at my funeral. But he has passed away most unexpectedly, and I, as unexpectedly, am left to fulfill a sacred obligation due to him.

I do not expect to do justice to my subject, not only on account of time, but because I do not deem myself qualified to speak the words the most fitting and appropriate. Beside I am to speak of no ordinary man. His various occupations and mental activities covered the lines of the clergyman, the printer, the orator, the editor, the writer and the author. His experience was great, his knowledge extensive, his comprehension broad and deep, his impulses the most benevolent and his sympathies limited only by the human family. It is indeed difficult to measure such a man.

One of the first things to attract the attention was his personal appearance. He was tall, broad-shouldered, well proportioned and imposing. His stately figure with his hoary head and whitened beard, as suggested by one of the Boston daily papers, bore a strong resemblance to Michael Angelo's statue of Moses. As was said of Webster, his countenance, frame, expression and presence arrested and fixed attention. You could not pass him in a crowd unnoticed, nor fail to observe in him, a person of high mark and character.

He had a remarkable social disposition. Nothing was dearer or more grateful to him than communion with congenial friends and sympathetic companions. Then he freely and unreservedly displayed his mental resources and exhibited his literary treasures. In conversation he always pleased, never fatigued, and he always had something instructive and interesting to say on almost any topic. He was given to hospitality. It delighted him to be liberal and thoughtful to his friends, and it pained him to think his means did not permit the gratification of his desires. At the festal board no one was more at home than he. There he seemed to compel freedom from restraint and the banishment of the cares and burdens of business. He

thus increased the enjoyment and happiness of his associates. He was, for a number of years, the presiding officer of the Associated Mechanics' Apprentices. His happy witicisms and felicitous introductions will be sadly missed by them at their annual festivals. He was extremely fond of jokes and puns, and was keenly alive to anything humorous and ludicrous. His memory was well stored with the anecdotes of illustrious men, and these, with the amusing incidents of his own experience, he would narrate with the greatest relish. The eloquent passages and remarkable sayings in the speeches and writings of eminent men, he could produce with ease, readiness and accuracy from the store-house of his memory, whether in conversation or on the platform. He dearly loved poetry and the poets, and I believe he could quote them for hours together. His favorites were Shakespeare, Byron and Saxe. He embellished his conversation with apt and elegant quotations from them, and their length and variety would frequently surprise with astonishment. Not only was he fond of poetry, but he also was no mean poet himself, for he was the author of quite a number of poems which are all characterized by vigorous expression, elegance of utterance and a high moral sense. His prose, too, was poetical, abounding with tropes and figurative expressions. His command of language was extensive and masterly. He never seemed to grope for the fitting word. His style as a writer is characterized by brilliancy, force and clearness. It has a very close resemblance to that of Macauley, whose merits as a writer of English stand unrivaled. His language as an orator, exhibited the same qualities and often reached the flights of eloquence. Generosity was a noted quality with him. To show this I need but recite an instance. When preaching at Groton, he was elected to the School Board, together with a young orthodox lawyer. The latter having but little sympathy with Mr. Babcock on account of his Unitarian views, endeavored to neutralize his influence, and seized many opportunities to find fault and to oppose his views and proceedings. Now it is no difficult matter to be generous to one who is not of your sect or party, and who openly expresses his emnity. You rather pay back in hate and contempt. In consequence of sickness, however, the lawyer became disabled from performing his duties, and his family even became needy from his loss of legal practice. Whereupon Mr. Babcock took upon himself the young man's duties as committeeman and performed them for him. The lawyer finally died, and the Selectmen, in settling with his representatives, paid only to the time of his disability. Mr. Babcock protested against this meanness on the ground that the services of his associate had been fully rendered the town by himself acting as his substitute. To this the Selectmen paid no attention. Mr. Babcock then brought the matter to the attention of the town at its March meeting, but was voted down. Thereupon Mr. Babcock presented a bill for double services and demanded

payment. The Selectmen now protested; but an investigation clearly showed that the town was liable, and so at the April meeting following, after the legal aspect of the case was fully ventilated, an appropriation was made and the bill was paid. Mr. Babcock paid one-half of this to the lawyer's legal representative. Here was an act of the noblest disinterestedness and self-sacrifice, as well as of justice. It is more to be admired than great contributions of wealth, especially where no sacrifice is made. The manner of his death was very sad. It was a great shock to us all, and is the more grevious to be bourne because we feel that common prudence and forethought could have saved him. However, it is a great comfort to know that there was scarcely any suffering in his case, as, without doubt, death had practically intervened by suffocation before consciousness could be aroused to a realizing sense of his own condition. In this view, his death was a happy one to him, however shocking it may appear to his friends. He knew that death was in expectancy with him. He well knew that he passed beyond the ordinary limits of life, that death grimly awaited him, and even all; that, it may come in one way, or in another, we know not how, or when, only that it is sure to come. We may look in each others' faces for a few hours, or days, or seasons, longer or shorter, as the case may be, but there in no help for us. Death is stamped on the brow of all, and each and all must make the journey alone; all alone into the dark valley. With our friend Babcock, death was the portal to another existence. With Plato, Socrates and Thomas Paine, he believed in immortality. We trust his faith is not in vain, and that even now he has been introduced into that Eternal Home

> "Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
> Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
> Deep-meadowed, happy, fair, with orchard lawns,
> And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea."

His religious views were extremely liberal. He had abandoned almost everything, except a belief in God and a hope for immortality. The doctrine of a special Providence he renounced, but did accept that Providence that comes under the head of general and universal law. Law, whether of matter or mind, all must obey or abide the consequences.. The Bible, which had been formerly regarded by him when an evangelical clergyman, as an inspired guide, had become of value to him only as it appealed to reason. During his time the old order of things had yielded to a newer and more rational dispensation. He had seen theology shaken from turret to foundation stone, and that criticism had discovered the Bible to be more unreliable and fully as fabulous as profane history. Salvation had become a tramp, and heresies had stalked through the camp of orthodoxy almost unchallenged. He had been through reproach, vituperation and detraction, but had seen that their venom was rendered harmless in an all pervading rational atmosphere. No one

I think appreciated these great changes more than Mr. Babcock, for they were in a large sense, a part of his own personal experience. He himself had burst the bonds of irrational limits and restraints, and had entered the wholesome air of pure reason. He, therefore, recognized the worth and dignity of man; that he was broader than his constitutions; bigger than his Bibles and theologies; that his faith was useless and even pernicious without a scientific ground and framework, and that he should not longer permit himself to be ensnared in the mental cobwebs of his own weaving. But the sterling points in Mr. Babcock's character were his love of truth, justice and liberty. He was always in search of truth, and permitted no limits or restraints to deter him. Whatever he discovered he made a part of himself, and boldly proclaimed, regardless of personal consequences. He always put himself upon a level with his highest and best conceptions. He could well exclaim with Whitman:

"O truth of the earth! O truth of thing! I am determined to press the whole way toward you.
Sound your voice! I scale mountains or dive in the sea after you."

In consequence he left the ministry of the Free Will Baptists wherein he was first installed as clergyman. He then received a welcome to the Unitarian pulpit. But even then he found too much restraint, and hence resigned and established a newspaper called "The New Age," wherein to become a free lance and to give vent to all his convictions of right and wrong. Pecuniarily he reaped no harvest in this enterprise, but rather sank a small fortune in his efforts to maintain it. He continued it, however, till his health utterly broke down and he was then obliged to abandon it. He was naturally a reformer. Whenever and wherever he recognized a wrong or an injustice he demanded its redress. He claimed nothing for himself that he did not demand for others upon equal terms. Hence we find that he earnestly urged the right of women to political suffrage and unsparingly denounced the iniquity of human slavery. In the advocacy of these reforms, both from platform and pulpit, he, with many another, suffered all the social ostracism, obloquy and abuse which wealth, polite society and broadcloth, inspired by the slaveocracy, were accustomed to heap upon such men. But all this defamation has received its merited rebuke by the liberation of the slave on the one hand and by almost the realization of women's suffrage on the other. Mr. Babcock did not think, however, that the work of liberation was completed when the slave was freed. He had discovered that the principle of evil in chattel slavery was also involved in the power of capital over labor, and in the power of money over the products of labor. He, therefore, with Wendell Phillips, denounced wage slavery and became an advocate of financial reform. There is scarcely an issue of "The New Age" wherein these reforms are not discussed and favored. He admitted to its pages the valuable contributions of Lysander Spooner

upon Financial Imposters and upon Mutual Banking, the latter of which, without doubt, is one of the best systems for honest banking that was ever devised. He, too, like the Hebrews of old, became a fierce opponent of usury, regarding it only as a legalized method of spoilation and robbery. His sympathies were always found with the under dog in the great social fight. A monument of his views, erected by himself, is to be found in his work of fiction, called "The Dawning," in which are discussed all the questions of reform, viz., financial, industrial, social and religious, ingeniously interwoven in a romance of love. Upon the death of Wendell Phillips, Mr. Babcock delivered, at the memorial services in Fanueil Hall, the principle eulogy upon that remarkable man. No tribute anywhere pronounced was more appropriate or more complete than this. He recognized the services and the merits of that great man in every department of his extensive and varied labors. He utterly put to shame the soulless tributes of Minot J. Savage, George William Curtis and others, who recognized only his services to the slave, while in all else, they attributed to him, one of the most clear-headed men that ever lived, that which was Utopian and impractical. But herein the measurers measured only themselves. On the conviction of the so-called Anarchists of Chicago, Mr. Babcock, believing their condemnation was most unjust; that the evidence did not warrant the verdict; that they were more sinned against, than participators in crime, and that the whole difficulty resulted from the unnecessary and outrageous assault of the police themselves upon a peaceable meeting, bestirred himself to create an influence to affect their pardon. A great meeting was called in Fanueil Hall and Mr. Babcock, in a masterly analysis of the whole proceedings, exposed the unjust methods of the judge and demonstrated the trial to be a legal mockery and a mere travesty of justice. This speech, though widely circulated, had no effect. The most of the condemned were executed, and a few imprisoned. After the intervention of a few years a new governor of Illinois, indued with a sense of justice, reviewed the cause, pardoned those imprisoned, and in his reasons therefor, he completely endorsed and justified the position taken by Mr. Babcock.

The greatness and the magnanimity of these and kindred acts of Mr. Babcock need no comment. There they stand as a part of a noble record, and speak for themselves. Sympathy and thanks went out from the hearts of the friends of the Anarchists, and of every lover of justice and truth to him. But this is not quite all. Governor Altgeld was stormed at throughout the country with all the opprobrious epithets that invective could hurl and a corrupt and venal press bestow. There was scarcely a decent utterance throughout the land, in his behalf. Whereupon Mr. Babcock called a meeting in Boston, reviewed the case anew, justified the governor and set forth his manliness and devotion to truth and justice. Gary, the judge before

whom these men were tried, has attempted to justify his course. This fact looks to me like one of self-condemnation. It is the cry of Lady Macbeth:

"Out damned spot! Out, I say!
What, will these hands ne'er be clean?"

Aye, wash, Judge Gary, but "all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten your hands." My tribute to my friend is necessarily a feeble one in comparison with his merits and is at the best but a half-told story. How many of us really appreciate that a great man, in the person of our friend, has passed away? Do you suppose that such acts, sentiments, and disinterested works as his, proceed from any but a great mind and soul? I feel that they could not. We can hardly afford to lose such men. They stand on high ground and anticipate the future. They do not seem to be cast in the ordinary mould. They ignore gain, private advantage and personal ends and maintain their ground even in obloquy, as the representatives of great, eternal and vital principles that are deeply hidden in the souls of all. Their frailties, foiables and imperfections are but as a heterogeneous drop in an ocean of virtue. Their failings, as they demonstrate their humanity, rather lean to virtues side. It is said that Washington cursed Lee at the battle of Monmouth. Was he any the less the father of his country for all that? So also that Paine swore on his death-bed. What of it? Was his services to mankind any the less for all that? No! A thousand times, no! They were men "for a' that, and a' that." We need those rare souls who dare confront old customs and traditions; who dare riddle time-honored statutes, parchments and institutions that have out-grown their usefulness; who do not hesitate to trample down and crush effete theologies and creeds and who are always ready to defy respectability, cavils or gibes, all in the great names of justice and liberty. It is the practical application of these great principles that must harmonize and regenerate society. They aim at the perfection of the individual and through him of the perfect social structure, and must finally rule all administrations and states. All is for the individual; all, for you and I. The highest justice is for the most deeply wronged, the largest liberty for the oppressed and the broadest equality for the lowly, contemned and despised. The grand duty of man is to accomplish all this and the world awaits its consummation.

But the great man and reformer comes and goes like all the rest. He appears. Whence, we know not. He hastens stormfully across our horizon and expends his force and vital powers in his pleas for truth and justice, and in his protests against error, wrong and oppression. The world is made all the better by his labors and sacrifices, and tends upward to a higher plane of thought and activity. He then follows the common fate and disappears. But, whither? We know not. Sense knows not. Faith knows not. Shadows and

clouds shut out the prospect. It is shrouded in mystery. Though life, when it is past, seems as a dream; yet it cannot be that

> "We are such stuff
> As dreams are made of, and our little life
> Is rounded by a sleep."

But in all matters over which human agency has no control, we must believe that the best possible provision awaits us all and that there is no sting in death. It cannot be our duty to repine or inflict ourselves, but rather to be sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust that accepts no superstition, though it affirms no knowledge. Let us hold with the sublime faith of the poet who says:

> "Great is life, real and mystical, wherever and whoever,
> Great is death—sure as life holds all part together, death holds all parts together.
> Death has just as much purport as life has,
> Do you enjoy what life confers? you shall enjoy what death confers,
> I do not understand the realities of death, but I know they are great,
> I do not understand the least reality of life—how then can I understand the realities of death?"

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